

Shadow

COMICS

10¢



THE SHADOW
finds the
CRIME MUSEUM
and begins the
TRAIL OF THE TALON



DALE EVANS, Republic star of "Yellow Rose of Texas"

Lovely DALE EVANS Says:
**"IT'S EASY
 TO LEARN
 DANCING!"**

Dale is Right

**...and This Book will Teach
 You in 5 Days...or NO COST!**

**IF YOU CAN DO THIS
 STEP—YOU CAN
 DANCE IN 5 DAYS**



Illustration shows first basic step. This is an example of how the exciting book "Dancing" can quickly teach you to be a smooth, graceful dancer. Check full of easy-to-follow diagrams like this—with simple, understandable text, this book is destined to be one of your most prized possessions.

**LEARN NEWEST DANCE STEPS,
 INCLUDING RHUMBA, SAMBA,
 CONGA, JITTERBUG, FOXTROT
 and WALTZ!**

Take a tip from Dale Evans, talented young dancing star of Republic Pictures. Let dancing open the door to Romance and Happiness for you! Don't let others have all the fun while life passes you by. Be popular... have dates every night instead of sitting alone feeling sorry for yourself!

EASY-TO-FOLLOW LESSONS!

This sensational new book can teach you to dance, help you to learn the latest steps, quickly, easily, in the privacy of your own home! Not a correspondence course — not a series of expensive and complicated lessons, but a revolutionary book on Dancing that offers a short-cut to anyone who wants to learn to dance the modern way! Written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost

dancing authorities, it will teach you the fundamentals of dancing in a few thrilling hours — give you the grace and assurance of an accomplished dancer in as little as 5 days.

MAKE THIS TEST!

Don't let another day go by without sending for this amazing book that has already taught thousands of men and women to dance. It's packed full of easy-to-understand diagrams and explains in clear, simple language, how to do the Jitterbug, Rhumba, Conga, Samba and other exciting new dances that are sweeping the country, besides the ever-popular Waltz, Fox Trot, and many old-time favorites. Surprise your friends by knowing how to do all the latest steps. Resolve now, never again to refuse an invitation because you can't dance, if you really want to know how to dance and will act now, we'll send you as a gift, 2 additional books free of any extra charge, "Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps." Simply send the coupon for your copy of "Dancing," by Betty Lee. Pay postman when *All Three Books* are delivered. Then follow instructions by practicing the simple easy lessons each day. And remember — if not satisfied with results in 5 days you may return the book and your money will be refunded.

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MAIL COUPON TODAY!

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

1790 Broadway, Dept. 835H, New York 19, N.Y.

Send me by return mail, in plain wrapper "Dancing," by Betty Lee, and include 2 free books, "Swing Steps" and "Tip Top Tapping."

— Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

— I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid. — If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return the book and you will refund purchase price.

Name

Address

City



The Shadow

visits THE CRIME MUSEUM



MYSTERY AND MENACE ARE AMUCK IN THE MUSEUM WHERE CRIME HOLDS SWAY!!! HERE THE SHADOW MEETS PROFESSOR MALBONA, C.P.M. (CRIME'S PAST MASTER) WHO IS ABETTED BY THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE CALLED THE HAG...

YET, EVEN MORE INSIDIOUS IS THE HIDDEN CLAW THAT CREEPS INTO SIGHT TO REAP CRIME'S SPOILS...

WATCH FOR THIS IMPENDING TERROR OF THE FUTURE, THE HAND OF THE TALON, MONSTER OF CRIME TO COME!!!





BACK AT THE RIFLED JEWELRY STORE, THE POLICE HAVE BAGGED HALF A DOZEN CROOKS, ALL OF WHOM ARE IGNORANT AS TO THE AUTHOR OF THIS CRIME!!!

WE ONLY NABBED THE SMALL FRY, COMMISSIONER

THE SMART GUYS GOT AWAY WITH THE JEWELS

IT'S THE FIFTH ROBBERY OF THE SORT IN THREE WEEKS! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, CRANSTON?

ONLY THAT THESE CRIMES ARE NOT SO SUCCESSFUL AS THEY APPEAR...

BECAUSE NO MASTER CRIMINAL WOULD SACRIFICE CREW AFTER CREW, UNLESS HIS CAUSE WAS DESPERATE. SOME HIDDEN HAND MUST BE DESPOILING THE CROOKS OF THEIR GAIN!

YOU MEAN THE SHADOW?



NO, NOT THE SHADOW. HE WOULD PREVENT CRIME ONCE HE LEARNED WHO ITS PERPETRATORS WERE. NOW I HAVE HEARD OF AN INTERNATIONAL CROOK CALLED THE TALON...

THERE HE GOES AGAIN, MISS LANE, TALKING ABOUT A 'MERE RUMOR'...

MEANWHILE, CROOKS ARE HOLDING A SIMILAR PARLEY...

HONEST, PROFESSOR, WE DONE OUR BEST!

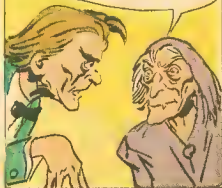
THE TALON MUST HAVE SWITCHED THEM JEWELS!



THE TALON! BAH! A MERE MYTH! BEGONE WHILE I CONSULT WITH THE HAG!

THIS TALK OF THE TALON IS ALL THE SHADOW'S DOING. HE HAS BLUFFED US TOO LONG

RIGHT YOU ARE, PROFESSOR. NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE!



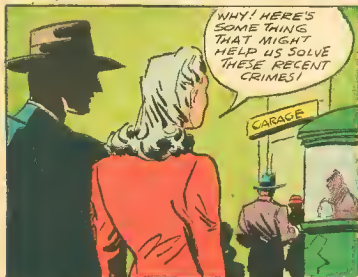
BUT, LAMONT,
CAN THERE
REALLY BE A
HIDDEN
CRIMINAL
CALLED THE
TALON?

YES, BUT HE
IS A LONE
HAND, AS
HIS NAME
INDICATES... A
CROOK'S CROOK
WHO PREYS ON
CRIME ITSELF...

THE
NEXT
DAY

...AND
THEREFORE
THE ONLY WAY
TO FIND HIM IS
TO UNCOVER
HIS VICTIMS

I SEE. WELL,
I'LL SEE YOU
AFTER YOU'VE
GONE THROUGH
THOSE RECORDS.



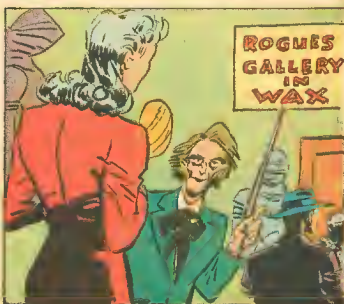
WHY! HERE'S
SOMETHING
THAT MIGHT
HELP US SOLVE
THESE RECENT
CRIMES!

FAMOUS
ROGUES
GALLERY OF
CELEBRATED
CRIMINALS
IN WAX !!!
PROFESSOR
MALBONA, CPM,
WILL LECTURE
ON THE
HISTORY OF
CRIME.
CURRENT
CRIMES
ANALYZED

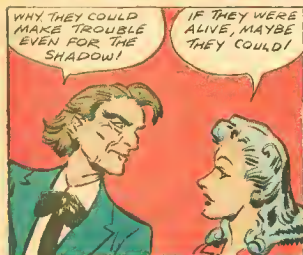
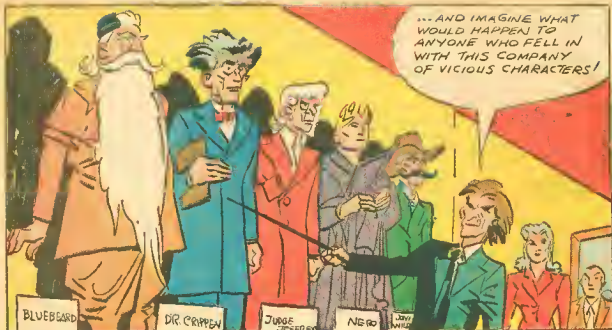
OUR EXHIBIT
IS
CHILLING!!
REVOLTING!
INGENIOUS!
MORBID!!!
EDUCATIONAL
!



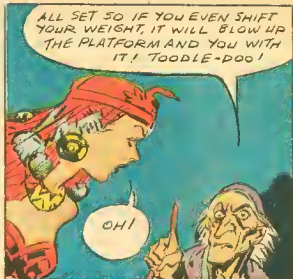
ONE
TICKET,
PLEASE



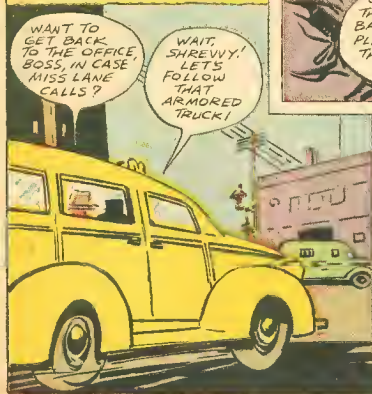
**ROGUES
GALLERY
IN
WAX**







MEANWHILE, THE SHADOW IS CRUISING IN SEARCH FOR CRIME...

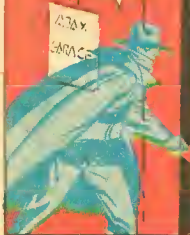


BECAUSE THEY NEED AN ARMORED TRUCK TO KEEP THE TALON FROM TAKING WHAT THEY STEAL



AND WITH THAT, CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW !!

THAT CUTS OFF ONE ROUTE... I'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER...



CLANK

AS FOR INSTANCE, THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR...



KEEP RIGHT ON GOING, SHREVVY!

OKAY, BOSS!

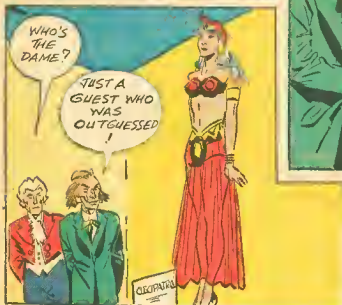


QUITE A COINCIDENCE, THIS! MAYBE THIS IS THE PLACE I REALLY WANT! NOW TO FIND A WAY INSIDE!

CRIME MUSEUM

OPEN TOMORROW -NOON





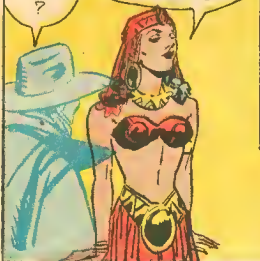
EVERYTHING IS PERFECT. WHEN THE SHADOW ARRIVES, HE WILL TRY TO RESCUE THE GIRL...

AND BLOW HIMSELF UP WITH THE GIRL AND THE CREW, LEAVING ALL THE CASH FOR US!

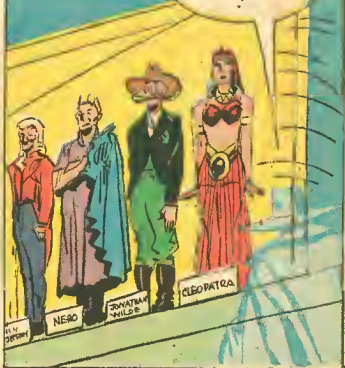


HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?

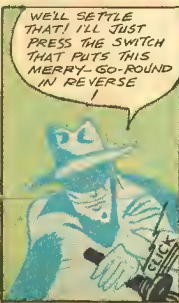
THE SHADOW! BUT DON'T TRY TO RESCUE ME! I'M PARKED ON DYNAMITE!



SO THAT'S THE GAME THAT PROFESSOR MALBONA, CRIME'S PAST MASTER, IS WORKING!



IT'S THE SHADOW!

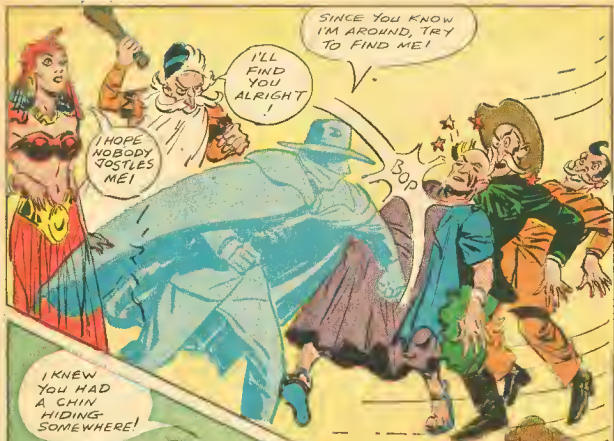


WE'LL SETTLE THAT! I'LL JUST PRESS THE SWITCH THAT PUTS THIS MERRY-GO-ROUND IN REVERSE!

I HEAR A VOICE OVER THERE!

HEY... WHO'S FOOLING WITH THE TURN-TABLE?







DID
YOU
MAKE
IT?

I
DID!

ARRIVING BACK IN THE
MUSEUM, ROOM WITH
MARGO, THE SHADOW HAS
BROUGHT THE DUMMY
EXHIBIT AROUND TO HIS
SIDE, DELIVERING THE
LIVING FIGURES AND
THEIR EXPLOSIVE
PLATFORM BACK TO
PROFESSOR MALBONA,
C.P.M.!!!



SCATTER!
THIS
THING
IS
LOADED
!

THE PROFESSOR
DOUBLE-CROSSED
US!

CLICK
///

SO
DID
THE
HAG!



COME ON,
SHADOW,
WHEREVER
YOU ARE...
OR AREN'T..

OFFICE

ARRIVING FROM THE MUSEUM ROOM JUST AS THE POLICE COME UP THROUGH THE GARAGE, THE SHADOW SETTLES PROFESSOR MALBONA...

HERE'S WHERE THE CROOKS CAME AFTER THEY DITCHED THAT ARMORED TRUCK!

AND THERE'S THE HEAD MAN! SAY... WHAT CLIPPED HIM BEFORE HE COULD WING US?

THE MONEY... THE...

GONE!

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CASH THE PROFESSOR'S GANG STOLE!

THE HAG MUST HAVE ESCAPED! CAN YOU FIND HER, LAMONT?

PERHAPS BUT I'M MORE INTERESTED IN TRACKING DOWN THE TALON. THE CROOK NO ONE HAS EVEN SEEN!

HOW TO USE YOUR HANKERCHIEF
TO MAKE A

MAGIC BUNNY!

ONE OF BLACKSTONE'S
FAVORITE TRICKS
WITH PAGES AND PAGES
OF OTHER

INCREDIBLE FEATURES IN

**SUPER-
MAGICIAN
COMICS**

NOW ON SALE

THE STRANGE CASE OF HIROHITO'S DEVIL MEN

THIS IS A CERTIFIED ORIGINAL STORY
BY THORNTON FISHER, BASED ON
FICTITIOUS CHARACTERS AND EVENTS,
DESIGNED FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT



THE MARRIAGE OF ADN A C. TENNEY TO A WEALTHY FOREIGN WOMAN IN SEPT. 1938, CREATED SOMETHING OF A SENSATION IN THE SOCIAL WORLD—MR. TENNEY HAD LOST EVERY CENT IN THE MARKET CRASH OF 1929—ONCE AGAIN HE RESUMED HIS PLACE AMONG THE FABULOUS SPENDERS OF HIS SET—



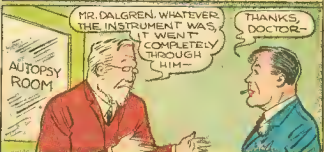
AMONG THE INVITED GUESTS AT HIS FIRST ELABORATE PARTY WAS BING DALGREN—MANY CELEBRITIES WERE PRESENT, INCLUDING NOTABLES FROM WASHINGTON—SLEEK JAPANESE SERVANTS MOVED SOFTLY ABOUT THE FOURTEEN-ROOM APARTMENT—



FIVE DAYS LATER THE BODY OF MIKE MULDOON, A WELL-KNOWN POLICE DETECTIVE, OF THE ALIEN SQUAD WAS FOUND FLOATING IN THE EAST RIVER—AN AUTOPSY DISCLOSED THAT MULDOON HAD BEEN STABBED IN THE BACK—



THE ENTIRE CITY WAS AROUSED BECAUSE MULDOON WAS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST SLEUTHS IN THE DEPARTMENT—DALGREN KNEW HIM WELL AND WAS ASSIGNED TO "COVER" THE STORY—



THE MURDERER OR MURDERERS HAD LEFT NO CLUE—EXCEPT THAT THE WEAPON USED WAS LONG ENOUGH TO PIERCE THE BODY, THE BLADE EMERGING FROM THE ABBOMEN IN FRONT—

EDDIE, WHO MIGHT HAVE HAD ANYTHING AGAINST MULDOON?

MR. DALGREN, NONE OF THE TOUGH GUYS I KNOW EVER MONKED AROUND MULDOON'S TERRITORY—A LOT OF FANCY FOREIGNERS HAVE GOT BUSINESSES ON THAT BEAT—Y'KNOW MULDOON WAS ON THE ALIEN SQUAD.



DALGREN CONSULTED WITH AN EXPERT IN CRIME, AN EX-CONVICT GONE STRAIGHT—THIS WAS BING'S OLD FRIEND AND STOOGUE, "HARD EDDIE"—"HARD EDDIE" CAME UP WITH PART OF AN IDEA—

JAPANESE TOURS, INC.



I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A DAY OFF SOME TIME AND LOOK JAPAN OVER—MIGHT MAKE A GOOD YARN—



THE POLICE WERE COMPLETELY BAFLED AND ANGRY THAT A COMRADE-AT-ARMS HAD THUS BEEN DISPOSED OF—ON ONE OF THE BLOCKS COVERED BY DETECTIVE MULDOON WAS A JAPANESE TOURIST AGENCY, IN THE WINDOW OF WHICH WERE FANCIFUL POSTERS DESCRIBING THE BEAUTIES OF THE ISLE OF NIPPON—DALGREN PACED ABOUT THAT BLOCK—

THE LITTLE GUY SEEMS HOMESICK—



HE HAD NOT WATCHED LONG WHEN HE NOTED A LITTLE JAP GAZING IN THE WINDOW OF THE TOURIST AGENCY—HE WAS LOOKING AT A SIGN PRINTED IN JAPANESE CHARACTERS—AFTER THE SMALL ORIENTAL LEFT DALGREN EXAMINED THE SIGN THOUGH HE COULDN'T READ IT—

IT THE
D OF
LOTUS

EXOTIC
JAPAN

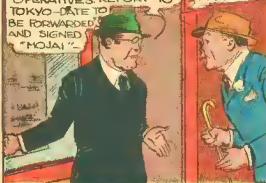
THAT'S NOT THE SAME SIGN THAT WAS THERE YESTERDAY—VERY INTERESTING—



NEXT DAY THE FAMOUS NEWSPAPERMAN WATCHED THE AGENCY WINDOW AGAIN—AT PRECISELY THE SAME TIME OF DAY THE SAME JAP APPEARED AGAIN AND PEERED AT THE SIGN AGAIN—DALGREN STUDIED THE SIGN AND WITH HIS TRAINED EYES DISCOVERED THAT THE PRINTED CHARACTERS WERE DIFFERENT—PLUS A RED SMUDGE ON A LOWER CORNER—THAT WASN'T ON YESTERDAY'S SIGN—

THE SIGN, BING, MERELY SAYS, TO ALL JAPANESE OPERATIVES: REPORT TO TOKYO—DATE TO BE FORWARDED, AND SIGNED "MOJAI"—

WHAT!!



THAT NIGHT BING SOUGHT A FRIEND OF HIS, A TEACHER OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES, WHO TRANSLATED THE MESSAGE ON THE SIGN—



THE THIRD DAY WHEN THE LITTLE JAP APPEARED DALGREN TAILED HIM—COULD THE DEATH OF MULDOON BE TRACED THROUGH THIS SIMPLE DEVICE?

YES, THERE'S TWO JAP SERVANTS WORKING FOR THE TENNEYS- THEY LIVE IN THE APARTMENT BUT GO OUT EVERY NIGHT AT 9--



THANKS OLD MAN-

FOLLOWING THE JAP, DALGREN WAS ASTONISHED TO SEE THE ORIENTAL FLAVOR THE SWANK APARTMENT BUILDING IN WHICH ADNA C TENNEY LIVED--THROUGH THE UNIFORMED DOORMAN (FOR THE PRICE OF \$ 5⁰⁰) BING LEARNED ANOTHER IMPORTANT FACT--

NEXT EVENING AT 9 O'CLOCK DALGREN TAILED TWO JAPS FROM THE TENNEY APARTMENT BUILDING TO AN OFFICE BUILDING--THE JAPS, LIKE OTHER TENANTS, HAD TO SIGN IN AT THE OFFICE BUILDING AFTER 7 P.M. -- THEY REGISTERED AS GOING TO ROOM 1817 WHICH BING LEARNED WAS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE STRUCTURE--DALGREN HASTENED ACROSS THE STREET TO A BUILDING OPPOSITE--



SHOWING HIS NEWSPAPER CARD HE WAS ADMITTED TO A VACANT OFFICE FACING THE ONE THE JAPS OCCUPIED--WHAT HE OBSERVED THERE, THROUGH HIS POWERFUL BINOCULARS MADE EVEN THIS HARDENED NEWSMAN GASP--HE SAW FOUR JAPS WORKING ON MODELS OF BRIDGES-- THESE MINIATURE SPANS RESEMBLED N.Y. CITY BRIDGES AND ONE VERY MUCH LIKE THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE --

CHIEF, WE'VE BUMPED INTO A JAPANESE BEE-HIVE--I BELIEVE IT'S TIED UP WITH THE MURDER OF HULDOON--

STICK WITH IT, BING--PLAY IT ALONE--



CERTAINLY THIS WASN'T A HOBBY--SATISFIED THAT THEY WERE JAPANESE SABOTEURS DALGREN RACED BACK TO THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE AND CONSULTED WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR--

PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON--



IT SAYS, "TAKE 7.00 PM. WASHINGTON TRAIN TONIGHT AND REPORT TO THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR"

WHY THAT'S THE NEXT TRAIN!!



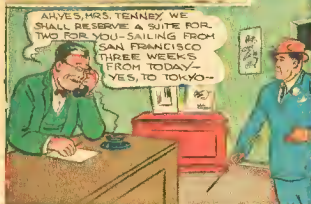
NEXT DAY AT BING'S DIRECTION A TRUSTED TIMES-NEWS CAMERAMAN PHOTOGRAPHED THE SIGN IN THE TOURIST AGENCY-- DALGREN'S LANGUAGE INSTRUCTOR FRIEND TRANSLATED THE MESSAGE -- IT ELECTRIFIED THE NOTED REPORTER --

WITHOUT ANY LUGGAGE DALGREN DASHED TO THE RAILWAY STATION TO CATCH THE NEXT TRAIN TO WASHINGTON--ON THAT TRAIN WERE THE TWO JAPS DALGREN HAD "TAILED" TO THE OFFICE BUILDING--ONE HUNG A BRIEFCASE SECURELY ON HIS LAP--WHAT IT CONTAINED, IN DALGREN'S OPINION, WOULD BE OF NO HELP TO THIS COUNTRY--



IN WASHINGTON DALGREN FOLLOWED THEM TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSY—AN HOUR LATER, OF ALL PLACES, THEY ENTERED THE GERMAN EMBASSY—WITHOUT SLEEP DALGREN KEPT HIS VIGIL ALL NIGHT—WHEN THE JAPS LEFT THE GERMAN EMBASSY NEXT MORNING BING FOLLOWED THEM BACK TO NEW YORK BY TRAIN—

HERE WAS EVEN A BIGGER STORY THAN THE MURDER OF MIKE MULDOON—WAS THERE A CONNECTION HERE? DALGREN HAD A HUNCH THERE WAS—MULDOON'S TERRITORY TOOK HIM OVER TO THE RIVER FRONT ON THE EAST SIDE—IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASY TO KILL HIM THERE AND TOSS HIS BODY OVER THE RIVER WALL—AND A LONG, BROAD JAPANESE SWORD COULD HAVE GONE CLEAR THROUGH HIM—DALGREN VISUALIZED IT.



HE NOW DECIDED TO GO TO THE JAPANESE TOURIST AGENCY FOR TRAVEL INFORMATION—ALMOST AS HE ENTERED FATE—SOMETIMES KIND TO NEWS-PAPERMEN—GAVE HIM A TERRIFIC BREAK—THE MANAGER WAS ON THE TELEPHONE—WHAT HE HEARD MADE DALGREN START—

HM—I WONDER IF THAT TENNEY JANE IS INVOLVED WITH THOSE NIPS—I'LL CHECK ON THE LADY—

THE WEALTHY TENNEYS WERE GOING TO VISIT JAPAN—IN THE MEANTIME THEIR APARTMENT WOULD BE OCCUPIED BY ENEMY ALIENS—THOSE INNOCENT TRAVELLERS SHOULD BE TOLD—THEN BING HAD A SUDDEN INSPIRATION—

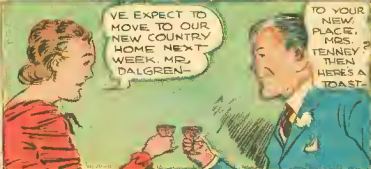
WOW!! THE WOMAN HAS A FANCY AND MYSTERIOUS BACKGROUND ABROAD—



HE LOOKED UP MRS. TENNEY'S MAIDEN NAME—IT WAS MARIA SCHOENHORST—SHE WAS BORN IN LEIPZIG, GERMANY, THE HEIR OF AN ENORMOUS BREWING FORTUNE—COULD THAT FACT BE RELATED TO THE VISIT OF THE JAPANESE TO THE GERMAN EMBASSY?

VE EXPECT TO MOVE TO OUR NEW COUNTRY HOME NEXT WEEK, MR. DALGREN—

TO YOUR NEW PLACE, MRS. TENNEY THEN HERE'S A TOAST—



THAT AFTERNOON AT 5 DALGREN ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED IN FOR A COCKTAIL WITH THE TENNEYS—WHAT MRS. TENNEY TOLD HIM DIDN'T MAKE SENSE TO THE BRAINY REPORTER—

YOU KNOW OUR SERVANTS ISHO AND SHUZO ARE GOING HOME FOR A VACATION- THEY'VE BEEN SO FAITHFUL -

NICE -

THAT IS, NOT UNTIL MRS. TENNEY REMARKED THAT TWO OF HER JAPANESE SERVANTS WERE GOING HOME TO JAPAN FOR A BRIEF VISIT ON OCT. 15TH



YES, WE GOT THE TOP ONE AT ENOSHIMA -

INTER-ESTING

THOSE SHALL ONES ARE USED BY THE JAPS FOR HARA KIRI, DALGREN -

SHE, HERSELF, WAS AN AVID COLLECTOR OF ORIENTAL ITEMS - DALGREN EXAMINED THE COLLECTION CAREFULLY - AMONG THE OBJECTS WERE JAPANESE ANTIQUE BROADSWORDS -

YOU SAY YOU HAVE ALL THE IMPORTANT TRANSPORTATION LINES AND TERMINALS PHOTO-GRAPHED MARIA?

PLENTY BRIDGE MODELS, TOO, PLEASE -

YES, KARL, EVERYTHING NECESSARY TO OUR SUCCESS IN THE EAST IS COMPLETED -



MRS. TENNEY EXPLAINED THAT SHE EXPECTED TO VISIT HER COUSIN, THE WIFE OF ONE OF THE SECRETARIES OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON - MR TENNEY WAS GOING, TOO - ANOTHER PICTURE SPRANG INTO DALGREN'S VISION -

-AND SO I BELIEVE THOSE JAPS ARE PLAIN OUT-AND-OUT SPIES!

WHY, MR. DALGREN!!



THE NEXT NIGHT DALGREN MADE ANOTHER UNEXPECTED CALL ON THE TENNEYS - HE TOLD THEM OF HIS SUSPICIONS OF THE JAPANESE AND OF HIS DISCOVERY OF THEIR OFFICE AND THE MODELS - TENNEY WAS AMUSED - MRS. TENNEY'S FACE TURNED WHITE -

BOY, RUSH THIS TAB TO THE COMPOSING ROOM!

YES, MR. DALGREN!



THAT HE WAS IN A HOTBED OF INTRIGUE DALGREN HAD NO DOUBT - TWO HOURS LATER DALGREN WAS WRITING ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL NEWS STORIES EVER TO HIT THE FRONT PAGE - IT WAS SET UP AND MADE READY UNTIL BING GAVE THE WORD -



IS IT POSSIBLE, MRS. TENNEY, THAT THEY -

THROUGH THE DOOR IN THE FOYER, THE JAPANESE SERVANTS RACED BREATHLESSLY. DALGREN WAS SURE THEY WOULD -



YOU PUP!
INSULTING MY
WIFE—LEAVE
THIS PLACE!

AN OFFICER OF
THE JAPANESE
IMPERIAL NAVY.

HERES A
FLOCK OF CODE
STUFF, TOM—THEY'RE
NOT LOVE
LETTERS—

YES, I THINK
YOU'LL FIND
SOME
FASCINAT-
ING THINGS
BOYS—

WHEN DALGREN ASKED MRS. TENNEY
IF SHE KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT ALL
THIS HER HUSBAND STRUCK AT THE
REPORTER AND ORDERED HIM FROM
THE APARTMENT—

DALGREN OPENED THE OUTSIDE DOOR IN THE
FOYER AND THREE FEDERAL MEN STEPPED IN—
THESE OFFICERS SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF
THE APARTMENT WITH ASTOUNDING RESULTS—
GERMAN AND JAPANESE MESSAGES IN SECRET
CODE WERE FOUND—IN A TRUNK ONE OFFICER
CAME UPON TWO JAPANESE NAVY UNIFORMS
BEARING THE INSIGNE OF LIEUTENANT COMMANDER—

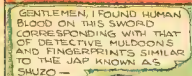


MADAME, I'M FORCED
TO ASK YOU TO ACCOMPANY
US TO OUR
OFFICE—

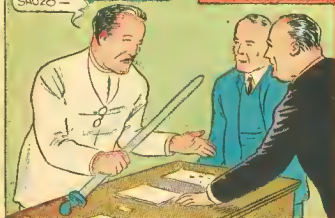


MRS. TENNEY WAS ACCUSED OF CONSPIRACY AS A GERMAN
SPY AND IMMEDIATELY
ARRESTED—

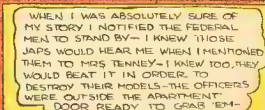
OTHER OFFICERS OUTSIDE HAD ALREADY GATHERED IN
THE TWO JAPS WHO HAD TRIED TO ESCAPE—OTHER OPER-
ATIVES STOOD GUARD OVER THE BRIDGE MODELS IN
THE JAPS' OFFICE—THESE WERE BRIDGES MARKED FOR
DESTRUCTION—



GENTLEMEN, I FOUND HUMAN
BLOOD ON THIS SWORD
CORRESPONDING WITH THAT
OF DETECTIVE MULDOON'S
AND FINGERPRINTS SIMILAR
TO THE JAP KNOWN AS
SHUZO—



FINGERPRINTS WERE FOUND ON ONE OF THE BROAD-
SWORDS AND STAINS OF BLOOD NOT COMPLETELY ERASED—
THE JAPS WERE CONVICTED OF THE MURDER OF
DETECTIVE MULDOON WHOM THEY FEARED WAS SUS-
PICIOUS OF THEM—THEY WERE EXECUTED—MARIA
SCHOENHORST WAS SENT TO PRISON—HER
INNOCENT HUSBAND WAS EXONERATED—

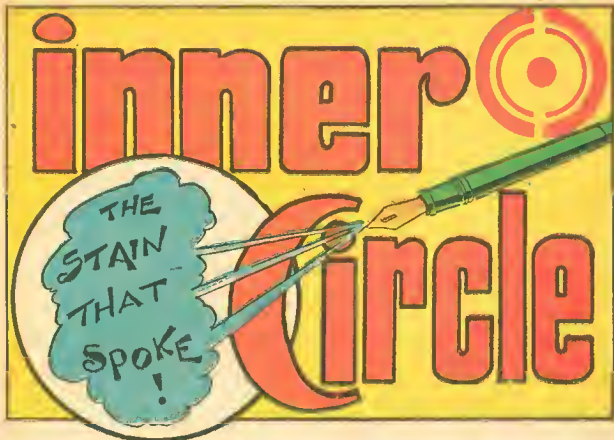


WHEN I WAS ABSOLUTELY SURE OF
MY STORY I NOTIFIED THE FEDERAL
MEN TO STAND BY— I KNEW THOSE
JAPS WOULD HEAR ME WHEN I MENTIONED
THEM TO MRS TENNEY— I KNEW TOO, THEY
WOULD BEAT IT IN ORDER TO
DESTROY THEIR MODELS—THE OFFICERS
WERE OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT
DOOR READY TO GRAB 'EM—



DALGREN, THE MASTER REPORTER—DETECTIVE,
HAD SCOOPED THE CITY— ONE NIGHT
HE MODESTLY RECOUNTED SOME OF
THE INCIDENTS—

—THORNDON FISHER—



It was rather an open secret among the members of the Inner Circle that Chick had somehow been transferred from the Air Corps to G-2. Not only that, most of them had put two and two together and wound up with five, in the shape of thinking that Nick Carter had probably had something to do with it.

They all, therefore, were chary of mentioning any of their deductions to either Nick or Chick. They just pretended that everything was as it had been before and that Chick was on some kind of detached service.

They were all most surprised, then, when at the monthly meeting of the Inner Circle, Nick got to his feet, cleared his throat and said, "Members, you've probably been wondering about how come Chick is spending so much of his time in these parts. Well, the need for secrecy is just about over. I had him transferred because frankly, we, that is G-2 and my humble self, were pretty puzzled about something.

"A lot of the work that Chick's been doing must necessarily remain sotto-voce till long after the war. There is one case in which his aid was invaluable though, which

I can give you a rather censored version of . . . It started while Chick was in the Air Force . . .

"It had to do with a very worrisome group of saboteurs and I can tell you that every man in G-2 sleeps better because of the capture of this band of men! The fact that they and I can sleep better, is primarily because of Chick's help!"

Chick was blushing. He raised a restraining hand and said, "Aw Nick, lay off, spare me my blushes! If I hadn't spotted that clue someone else would've."

Nick said, "Pish tush," and went on as though there had been no interruption, "You've all heard of the damage that a saboteur can do with an explosive concealed in a fountain pen or pencil?"

The members knew of these dastardly weapons and nodded in unison.

"Well, this is the first case I ever heard of, where a *normal* fountain pen resulted in the death sentence for a saboteur!"

Nick took a gulp of water and said, "This is dry work;" then continued with his story. "The crux of the case was this. A man, an old man, a dangerous, cranky, intelligent old man, was, we thought, the

brains behind this saboteur ring. We were never able to pin a thing on him, as far as sabotage was concerned. We did feel though, that he was concerned in the death of one of our agents.

"Believe me when I say that we would have been more than happy to jail him on any charge, even speeding through a red light. We had to get him out of the way in order to go to work on his ring. There was no doubt in our minds and later events proved us right, that as far as brains were concerned he was the works. Deprive the ring of his mind and we were sure the others would fall right into our hands.



"The murder of which we suspected him was a vicious one. We had a witness ready to swear that the old man that we wanted was the murderer. The only thing wrong was that he had a perfect alibi. Not only did he have an alibi for the time of the killing, but there was no way that he could have travelled from town . . . Let's call it A, to town B! The time sequence was all wrong. The dead member of G-2 was shot at 9:30 P.M. And at that time the old man was in another town 100 miles away with some very respectable townspeople as his guests!

"It was Chick who suggested that perhaps the old man had hocused the clock in the room. We went on that assumption. Let's say we were a half hour out of the way . . . How could the old man have travelled the distance in a half hour killed our man and then gotten back to his own town in time for his alibi?

"The only thing that occurred to us was a plane. But the old man swore he'd never been on a plane. We checked with all the planes, commercial and free lance that had been near either town on the fatal night and found . . . that no one even remotely resembling the old man had been on any plane. Now bear in mind that all our investigations were necessarily brief. I don't think it was more than two hours after our man was murdered that we had the old man in custody. We sent out our inquiries right from the room where we felt sure the old man had committed murder.

"By four o'clock in the morning we had reached an impasse. The old man sat there as he had from the moment we took him into custody, perfectly relaxed, almost unmoving, old fashioned coat buttoned up almost to his collar and grinned evilly at us.

"Occasionally, he'd sneer at us, 'Well, dummkopfs, why don't you do something?' Somehow that rankled badly! As a matter of fact, it burned us all up."

"I'll say it did," said Chick, "I think that was what supplied the needed spur to my lazy brain. My contribution to the night's gayety was just a thousand-to-one chance. It happened to be something that Nick didn't know."

"Didn't know? I never even heard of it before!" Nick shook his head in annoyance. "However . . . Here was this rotten old man, whom we knew in our heart of hearts had done murder a hundred times over and not a speck of proof did we have! Suddenly and it was the most startling thing I think I have ever seen, Chick leaped across the room and heaved the old man to his feet by grabbing him by the lapels. He shook the old man the way a dog does a rat and said, 'So you have not been in an airplane to-night, eh?' The old man shook his head no. The sneer was still on his face. But the sneer vanished when Chick still holding

him by the lapels, ripped his coat open.

"There, all over the old man's vest was a stain . . ." Nick paused dramatically and Beef rose to the bait. "Was it . . . blood?" Beef asked with bated breath.

Nick shook his head. "No indeed, not unless the old man was a real blue blood, for the stain that spread all over his vest was sky blue!"



The members of the Inner Circle all looked stunned. Of all the improbable things they must have guessed in their wildest dreams, a blue stain was the last thing any of them would have thought of.

"Not only was it a bright blue stain, it was that stain that sent the old man to his well earned death! To continue . . . Chick pointed to the stain and sneered a sneer at the old man that made all the old man's sneers look like amateur efforts and said, 'So . . . you have never been in a plane! I can well believe that you have never been in a plane before tonight, but that is evidence that you did fly tonight!'

"The old man gasped like a fish out of water and sputtered 'Wh . . . what are you t . . . t talking about?'" Nick paused, smiled and then pointed to Chick.

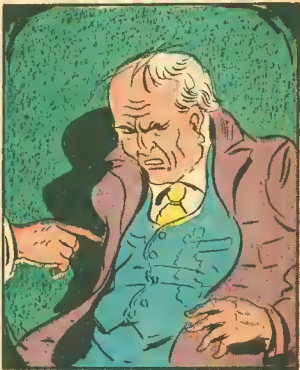
"Carry on from here, Chick. You can tell this part better than I can!"

"Well, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . ." Chick smiled then said, "The only thing was this . . . I knew that a plane did things to a fountain pen!"

"The stain that spread all over his vest proved . . . to me, at any rate that I was right. I accused him then and there of shooting our man, flying back to his prepared alibi and then . . . before I could go on, he was on his feet with a gun pointed at my stomach. Without thinking, as a result of my Army training I suppose, I brought the edge of my hand down on his wrist. The gun fell to the floor and he howled as though I had broken his wrist."

"You almost did!" chuckled Nick.

Chick went on, "If the old man had ever



travelled on a plane before he committed his 'perfect' crime he'd have known that altitudes above about five thousand feet, act on the rubber sac of a pen. As the atmosphere gets lighter the heavier air within the pen pushes the ink out.

"That was what had happened to him. It was perfect evidence you see, because a microscopic test of the pen would have shown that it was in perfect working order, therefore the only thing that could have done it was the plane trip!"

IN YOUR HAT!

OUT OF THE SPRAWLING MASS OF PAIN AND HORROR THAT IS WAR, HAVE APPEARED MANY FANTASTIC INVENTIONS. THE ONE THAT IS MOST LIKELY TO AFFECT YOU AND YOURS IS THE AMAZING PERSON TO PERSON RADIO SET THAT IS CALLED THE WALKIE-TALKIE!



LET'S SEE,
THAT'S RIGHT
DOWN THE BLOCK
IT'LL BE THERE IN NO
TIME--BLESS
THIS RADIO!

CALLING
DR. KILLCARE--
YOU ARE NEEDED
AT MARVIN JONES'
HOUSE! ACCIDENT
CASE. HURRY--
THAT IS ALL!

FIVE YEARS AFTER
V-E-DAY...



YES, THE F. C. C. FORESEES THAT RURAL COMMUNITIES, ISOLATED WORKERS LIKE FARMERS, OIL WELL DIGGERS AND TRAPPERS WILL HAVE THEIR OWN SENDING SETS! AND THAT'S ONLY FIVE YEARS AHEAD! BUT IN 1967..

RIDICULOUS? VISIONARY? WELL THAT VERY IDEA OF BEING ABLE TO CALL YOUR DOCTOR ON HIS OWN RADIO WAVE LENGTH COMES FROM A LENGTHY REPORT OF THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION 'WHAT'S MORE...



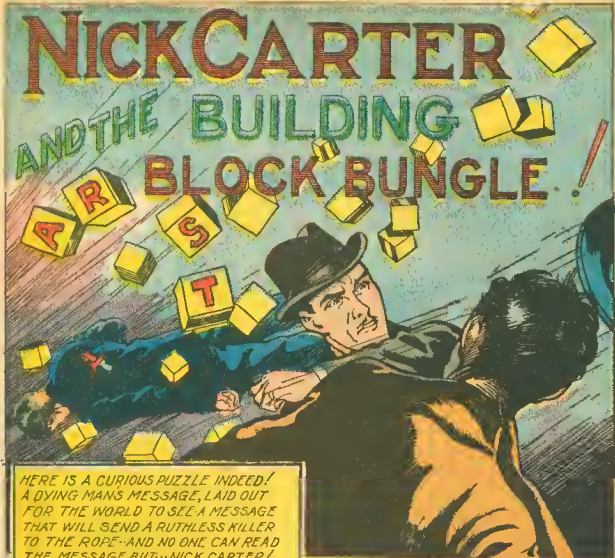
ALL THAT IS REQUIRED IS THAT EACH OF US HAVE OUR OWN WAVE LENGTH AND THAT IS TRULY JUST AROUND THE CORNER!!



PERSON TO PERSON, SENDING AND RECEIVING SETS...AND THAT, IN 25 YEARS, ARE PROMISED BY A MAN WHO SHOULD KNOW!
R. R. BEAL, DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH, FORRCA!

NICK CARTER

AND THE BUILDING BLOCK BUNGLE!

A man in a blue suit lies on the ground, his body marked with a red 'X'. He is surrounded by numerous yellow alphabet blocks. Some blocks are scattered on the ground, while others are suspended in the air as if they have just been thrown. Nick Carter, wearing a brown trench coat and a fedora, stands over the man, looking down with a serious expression. The background is a light blue with some motion lines.

HERE IS A CURIOUS PUZZLE INDEED!
A DYING MAN'S MESSAGE, LAID OUT
FOR THE WORLD TO SEE A MESSAGE
THAT WILL SEND A RUTHLESS KILLER
TO THE ROPE--AND NO ONE CAN READ
THE MESSAGE BUT...NICK CARTER!
MATCH WITS WITH THE MASTER MAN-
HUNTER AND SEE IF YOU CAN BEAT HIM
TO THE SOLUTION OF THIS KILL QUIZ!

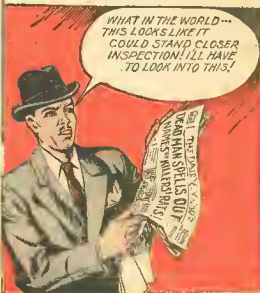
THE...
SNEAKING...
KILLER...
I'LL GET---FOR THIS
WITH MY LAST BREATH...
THE BLOCKS--I'LL NAME
MY KILLER...

A FLEETING SHADOW--A MOANED GROAN AND...
DEATH STALKS ON SILENT FEET!



**TED R-ASBURY
BETTY GOLDEN
TOM AND DICK DENNY
JIM D'ANGELO
VIC TORRIO AND
LOUIS GATSO**

THE LIST



THE SCREAMING HEADLINES SPELL OUT
THE NEWS TO NICK CARTER!..



IT'S A BUM RAP! TELL YOU, NICK-WE BEEN IN A LOT OF THINGS, SURE-BUT THIS IS ONE THING WE DIDNT DO! I SWEAR WE DIDNT KNOCK OFF THE DEAD GUY!

YEAH-WE WENT TO SEE HIM ON BUSINESS-WE MOOCH IN AND FIND HIM DEAD ON THE FLOOR-SO WE SCRAMMED, NATURALLY-BUT WE DIDNT DO IT--HONEST!

LATER..



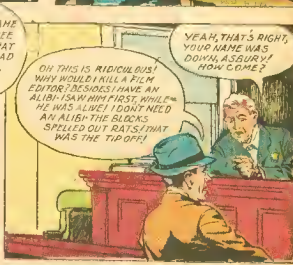
BOY I REALLY TIED THAT ONE UP BUT QUICK! I GOT A BONUS FROM MY BOSS FOR CRACKING THE CASE!

I'M SORRY BUT YOU MAY HAVE TO RETURN THAT BONUS!



WHA-HUH--OH ITS YOU NICK-CARTER! WELL LISTEN, JUST KEEP YOUR GRUBBY LITTLE HANDS OFFA MY CASE, SEE!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO FRAME VIC AND LOUIS? I SEE FROM THE LIST THAT YOU PAID THE DEAD MAN A VISIT TO, ASBURY!



OH THIS IS RIDICULOUS! WHY WOULD I KILL A FILM EDITOR? BESIDES I HAVE AN ALIBI-I SAW HIM FIRST, WHILE HE WAS ALIVE! I DONT NEED AN ALIBI-THE BLOCKS SPOILED OUT RATS! THAT WAS THE TIP OFF!

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, YOUR NAME WAS DOWN, ASBURY! HOW COME?



COME ON..

SURE, NICK, ASBURY'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE.

I UNDERSTAND ALL THE PEOPLE THAT SAW JOE VERDI, THE MURDERED MAN, ON THE FATAL NIGHT, ARE DOWN HERE FOR QUESTIONING- MAY I SEE THEM?



NO, OF COURSE NOT- BUT I JUST WANT TO SHOW YOU WHY THE BLOCKS ARE NO GOOD AS EVIDENCE!

YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON ME, CARTER!



MY NAME'S BETTY GOLDEN. YOU MUST HAVE SEEN ME IN THE MOVIES. I'M A STAR!

TOM AND DICK DENNY, SAILORS OF THE KING'S NAVY, AT YOUR SERVICE!

FINE. I WON'T KEEP YOU LONG. JUST WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THESE BLOCKS! FIRST, INTRODUCTIONS ARE IN ORDER. I'M NICK CARTER.

I'LL PLAY ALONG WITH THE GANG. MY NAME'S TED R. ASBURY.



JIM D'ANGELO, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT. AN ARTIST OF SORTS

FINE. I MERELY WANT TO TEACH THIS PRECIPITATE REPORTER A LESSON! ON THE TESTIMONY OF SOME TOY BLOCKS HE'S HAD TWO MEN THROWN IN JAIL!




OF COURSE. THERE ARE THE LETTERS R...A...T...S...AND IF TORRID AND GATSO AREN'T RATS I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE!

UH HUH... LETS SEE... MISS GOLDEN YOU ARE A STAR...




DON'T YOU SUPPOSE JOE VERDI MIGHT HAVE MEANT TO SPELL OUT STAR! THUS NAMING MISS GOLDEN AS THE KILLER?

NO- NO- I DIDN'T. WHEN I WALKED INTO HIS ROOM HE WAS DEAD. OH BELIEVE ME! I DIDN'T DO IT!



RELAX, MY DEAR, I DIDN'T SAY YOU DID IT! I'M JUST TRYING TO TEACH OUR DEMON REPORTER A LESSON! NOW THEN—WITH THESE SAME BLOCKS WE CAN SPELL OUT—




TARS, BUT THAT MEANS SAILORS! WE DIDN'T DO IT! GEE, WHY DIDN'T WE TELL THE TRUTH, MR. CARTER—WHEN WE WENT IN TO SEE VERDI HE WAS ALREADY DEAD! WE DIDN'T WANT TO BE INVOLVED SO WE JUST TURNED AROUND AND WALKED OUT!

WE CAN SPELL OUT TARS!




LET'S NOT RUSH THIS, LOOK...

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED—I NEVER THOUGHT OF ALL THIS WHEN I ACCUSED TORRIO AND GATSO ALTHO' I STILL THINK THEY'RE THE RATS WHO DID IT!



NOW WE GOT THE TRUTH OUT OF ALL OF YOU—WHEN YOU FIRST TESTIFIED, YOU ALL SAID THAT VERDI WAS ALIVE WHEN YOU LEFT HIM—ASBURY SAW HIM FIRST, THEN BETTY, THEN THE GANGSTERS, THEN THE ARTIST, THEN THE SAILORS—

ARTS—ARTS—THAT'S ME—I'M THE ONLY ARTIST, BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! HE WAS DEAD WHEN I SAW HIM!



OH YES—HE HAD A CHANCE—HE SPELLED OUT HIS KILLER'S NAME OR AS MUCH OF IT AS HE HAD A CHANCE TO—

BUT WHERE DOES ALL THIS LEAVE US? YOU MEAN THE BLOCKS WEREN'T A CLUE AT ALL? THAT VERDI DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO—



I DONT GET
THE ANGLE BUT
YOU'RE TOO SMART
CARTER..
I'M TAKING IT ON
THE LAM!

ISNT THIS
NICE!
YOU HAVEN'T
GOT A CHANCE
ASBURY!

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...



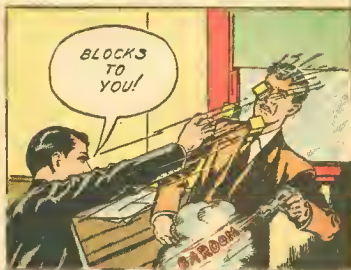
NOW IF HE
ONLY DOESN'T
BEAT MY BRAINS
OUT...

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THAT!



I THOUGHT IT WAS A
PERFECT FRAME WHEN I
SAW I COULD MAKE THE
BLOCKS SPELL OUT RATS!
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE
BUT FIRST, I'M GONNA
KILL YOU, CARTER!

TCH TCH,
WE MUSTN'T
BE PREVIOUS!



BLOCKS
TO
YOU!

CARDON



BETTER THAT-
THAN THE FALL
WITH A ROPE
AROUND YOUR NECK
THAT'S DUE TO YOU!

GAH-I'LL
FALL OUT
THE
WINDOW...



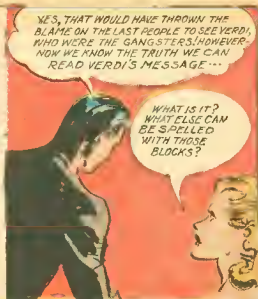
IN FURIOUS PURSUIT..





ALL THE SUSPECTS, THAT IS YOU PEOPLE, NOW ADMIT THAT VERDI WAS DEAD WHEN YOU SAW HIM. THE MOST PUZZLING THING YOU SEE, WAS ASBURY'S ALIBI-FOR HE SAW VERDI FIRST-ACCORDING TO THE LIES YOU ALL TOLD ABOUT VERDI BEING ALIVE...

THAT WOULD HAVE CLEARED ASBURY, THE REAL KILLER!



YES, THAT WOULD HAVE THROWN THE BLAME ON THE LAST PEOPLE TO SEE VERDI, WHO WERE THE GANGSTERS. HOWEVER-NOW WE KNOW THE TRUTH WE CAN READ VERDI'S MESSAGE...

WHAT IS IT? WHAT ELSE CAN BE SPELLED WITH THOSE BLOCKS?



HE STARTED TO SPELL OUT THE FULL NAME OF HIS MURDERER. T-R-ASBURY HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD PUT THE BLOCKS THAT SPELL 'BURY IN PLACE...

THE GOPS WILL PUT THE 'BURY' IN THE RIGHT PLACE!



VERDI, WITH ALL THE LETTERS IN THE ALPHABET TO CHOOSE FROM DIDN'T SPELL OUT SOMETHING VAGUE LIKE STAR, TARS, ARTS OR RATS! HE SPELLED... OR STARTED TO SPELL OUT...



OH YOU WONDERFUL MAN! YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! I MUST THANK YOU-

ULD HERE I GO AGAIN!

AIR ACE
THE MODERN MAGAZINE
for
MODERN BOYS AND GIRLS

A NEW TYPE
ENTERTAINMENT
SCIENCE MAGAZINE

IT'S THRILLING!

NOW ON SALE

CHICK CARTER

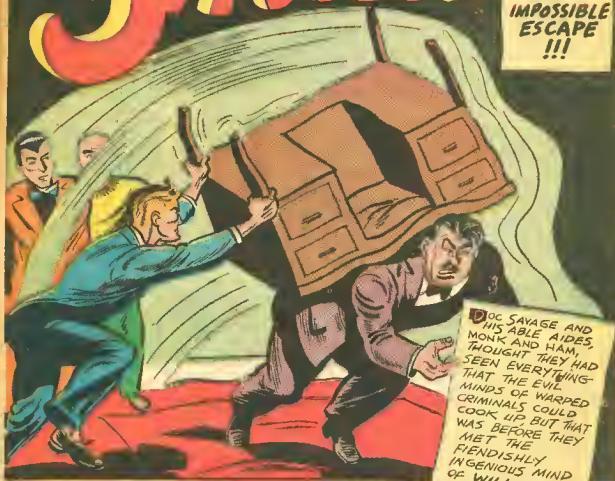
The adventurous son of NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE, is heard over the following Mutual radio stations every day Monday through Friday. Consult your local paper for the time.

Aberdeen, S. D.	KABR	Laredo, Tex.	KPAB
Albany, Ga.	WALB	Ludington, Mich.	WKLA
Albany, N. Y.	WABY	Marquette, Mich.	WKMJ
Albert Lea, Minn.	KATE	Marshalltown, Ia.	KJJB
Appleton, Wisc.	WHBY	Miami, Fla.	WFTL
Ashland, Wisc.	WATW	Minat, N. D.	KLPM
Auburn, N. Y.	WMBO	Maarehead, Minn.	KVOX
Baltimore, Md.	WFBR	Morgontown, W. Va.	WAJR
Batavia, N. Y.	WBTA	New Bern, N. C.	WHIT
Bismarck-Mandan, N. D.	KGCU	New Orleans, La.	WNOE
Bowling Green, Ky.	WLBj	Ogden, Utah	KLO
Bridgeport, Conn.	WICC	Ogdensburg, N. Y.	WSLB
Buffalo, N. Y.	WEBR	Okmulgee, Okla.	KHBG
Calumet, Mich.	WHDF	Pampa, Tex.	KPDN
Canton, Ohio	WHBC	Panama City, Fla.	WDLF
Clarksville, Tenn.	WJZM	Pittsfield, Mass.	WBRK
Clinton, Ia.	KROS	Portsmouth, Ohio	WPAY
Columbus, Miss.	WCBI	Portsmouth, N. H.	WHEB
Corpus Christi, Tex.	KRIS	Portsmouth, Va.	WSAP
Corsicana, Tex.	KAND	Price, Utah	KEUB
Cincinnati, Ohio	WKRC	Raleigh, N. C.	WRAL
Dalton, Ga.	WBLJ	Rice Lake, Wisc.	WJMC
Decatur, Ala.	WMSL	Richmond, Ind.	WKBV
Denver, Colo.	KFEL	Rochester, N. Y.	WSAY
Devils Lake, N. D.	KDLR	Rock Island, Ill.	WHBF
Dublin, Ga.	WMLT	Rock Springs, Wyo.	KVRS
Dubuque, Iowa	KDTH	Rome, Ga.	WRGA
Emporia, Kansas	KTSW	Rutland, Vt.	WSYB
Escanaba, Mich.	WDBC	St. Petersburg, Fla.	WTSP
Fall River, Mass.	WSAR	Salina, Kansas	KSAL
Foyettesville, N. C.	WFNC	Schenectady, N. Y.	WBCA
Fergus Falls, Minn.	KGDE	Selma, Ala.	WHBB
Fond du Lac, Wisc.	KFIZ	Sheboygan, Wisc.	WHBL
Fort Dodge, Ia.	KVFD	Sherman, Tex.	KRRV
Fremont, Neb.	KORN	Sioux City, Iowa	KTRI
Gadsden, Ala.	WJBY	Spencer, Iowa	KICD
Gainesville, Ga.	WGGA	Steubenville, Ohio	WSTV
Garden City, Kansas	KIUL	Tallahassee, Fla.	WTAL
Goldsboro, N. C.	WGBR	Tacoca, Ga.	WRLC
Grand Junction, Colo.	KFXJ	Traverse City, Mich.	WTCM
Greenville, N. C.	WGTC	Tucumcari, N. Mex.	KTNM
Hot Springs, Ark.	KWFC	Tyler, Tex.	KGKB
Houston, Tex.	KTHT	Voldosta, Ga.	KGOV
Huntsville, Ala.	WBHP	Volley City, N. D.	KOVC
Indianapolis, Ind.	WIBC	Vernon, Tex.	KVWC
Ironwood, Mich.	WJMS	Vincennes, Ind.	WAOV
Jacksonville, Fla.	WPDQ	Warren, Ohio	WRRN
Jamestown, N. D.	KSJB	Washington, D. C.	WOL
Jefferson City, Mo.	KWOS	Watertown, N. Y.	WATN
Kingston, N. Y.	WKNY	Waycross, Ga.	WAYX
La Grange, Ga.	WLAG	Worcester, Mass.	WAAB

AND MANY OTHER STATIONS

DOC SAVAGE in

THE
IMPOSSIBLE
ESCAPE
!!!

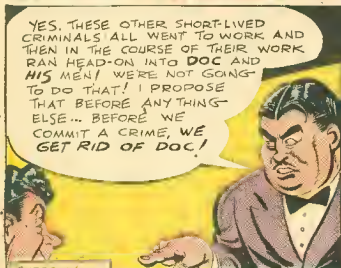


CONFERENCE FOR A CARNIVAL OF CRIME!

DOC SAVAGE AND HIS ABLE AIDES, MONK AND HAM, THOUGHT THEY HAD SEEN EVERYTHING THAT THE EVIL MINDS OF WARPED CRIMINALS COULD COOK UP, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THEY MET THE FIENDISHLY INGENUOUS MIND OF WILL E. KILZ...!

GENTLEMEN, YOU ALL KNOW WHY WE ARE MET IN CONCLAVE. WE, THE CRIME LEADERS OF THIS CITY, ARE ALL SET TO TAKE OVER THE PLACE. BEFORE WE DO, THERE IS ONE ITEM ON THE AGENDA!







SSST...
HERE
HE
COMES!

I GOT
EYES...
I'M
READY!



PRETTY
AS A
PICTURE!

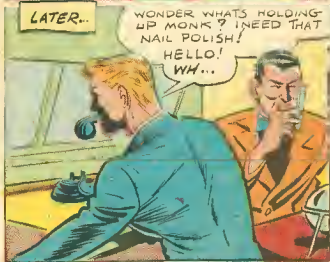
PULL HIM
IN QUICK!

FUNNY HOW DOC
THINKS HE CAN
SOLVE THAT
MURDER JUST
WITH SOME NAIL
POLISH. SMART
GUY, THAT DOC...
UGH... MY
HEAD...
OOH.



SO FAR SO
GOOD! NOW
WE TAKE
HIM TO THE
BOSS

AND HE
USES THIS
TRICK TO
TRAP DOC
SAVAGE! HA, HA!
THIS IS GONNA
BE CUTE!



LATER...

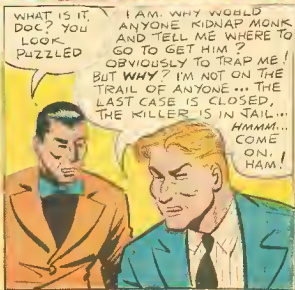
WONDER WHAT'S HOLDING
UP MONK? I NEED THAT
NAIL POLISH!
HELLO!
WH...



MONK... WHERE
ARE YOU? WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

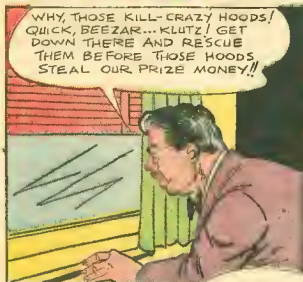
IT'S A
LONG
STORY,
DOC...

AND A BORING
ONE! ALL THAT
CONCERNS YOU, SAVAGE,
IS THAT I HAVE YOUR
FRIEND! IF YOU WANT
HIM, COME TO...



WHAT IS IT,
DOC? YOU
LOOK
PUZZLED

I AM. WHY WOULD
ANYONE KIDNAP MONK
AND TELL ME WHERE TO
GO TO GET HIM?
OBVIOUSLY TO TRAP ME!
BUT WHY? I'M NOT ON THE
TRAIL OF ANYONE... THE
LAST CASE IS CLOSED,
THE KILLER IS IN JAIL...
HMMM...
COME
ON!
HAM!



NOW THAT WE'VE
GOTTEN YOU AWAY
FROM THOSE
RUFFIANS WILL
YOU STEP IN
HERE, PLEASE?



AS THEY ENTER... THE DOOR
SLAMS SHUT AND THEY HEAR
THE CLANK OF A BOLT
FALLING INTO PLACE!

D!!!

BUT, THIS DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE! WHY
HE SAVE US FROM
THOSE BULLETS
IF HE WAS
GOING TO...

THE
TRAP
SPRINGS
!



I CAN
ANSWER
THAT.
I'M AFRAID!

WHO
SAID
THAT?

THE VOICE
CAME FROM
THE DESK!



MONK! THEY
GOT YOU,
TOO!

IT'S A CLEAN SWEEP
OF THE DOC SAVAGE
ORGANIZATION! THERE'S A
PRICE ON OUR HEADS AND
THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD IS
OUT TO COLLECT IT! THAT'S
WHY HE BROUGHT YOU TWO
HERE! HE WANTS TO SHOW US
TO THE OTHER CROOKS
BEFORE HE KILLS US!

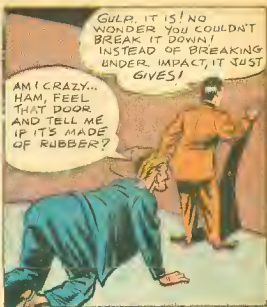
HMMM... WE'VE BEEN IN
MUCH TOUGHER SPOTS
THAN THIS! WE'LL BE ABLE
TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH
NO TROUBLE... I'LL TRY THE
DOOR FIRST!




WE BETTER HURRY!
KILZ SAID THAT
HE'D CALL A
MEETING AS SOON
AS HE HAD ALL OF
US! THAT MEETING
MEANS OUR END!

I'VE YET TO
SEE A DOOR
I COULDN'T
KNOCK OFF
THE HINGES
THIS WAY!








NOT A KNIFE
AMONGST US... NOT
A NAIL FILE! WHY
DIDN'T I BUY A
NAIL FILE INSTEAD
OF NAIL POLISH

WELL... I DON'T
LIKE TO SAY
IT, BUT I THINK
WE'RE SUNK!

MEANWHILE...



WE HAVE WORKED
FAST. THE REWARD
SPURRED ALL OF US
ON. I AM HAPPY TO
SAY THAT I AM THE
ONE TO GET THE
REWARD!

AH, YES... I HAD CONSIDERED
THE POSSIBILITY THAT YOU
WOULD FEEL THAT WAY! I HAVE
THEM UNDER LOCK IN KEY IN
A ROOM FROM WHICH THERE
IS NO ESCAPE! I HAD A
SPECIAL ALL-RUBBER ROOM
CONSTRUCTED! COME... THIS'LL
DELIGHT YOUR
EYES!

THERE AIN'T
GONNA BE NO
PAY-OFF, TILL
I SEE THEIR
BODIES! I
WANNA BE
SURE!

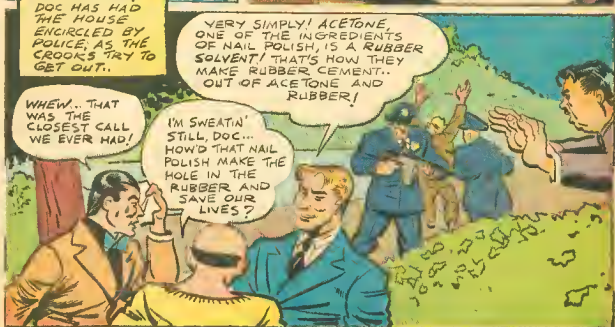
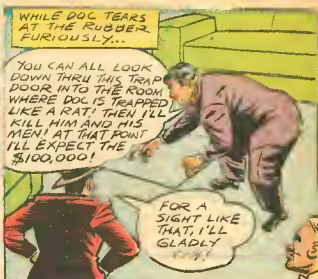
ONLY DOC'S SCIENTIFIC
KNOWLEDGE CAN SAVE
THEM NOW...

ALL WE NEED
IS A SMALL
HOLE... GIVEN
THAT, THE
RUBBER WILL
TEAR...

HERE, IN
THIS BOTTLE,
IS OUR ESCAPE!

SURE... BUT HOW
CAN WE MAKE
THE HOLE? THE
RUBBER IS TOO
STRONG FOR
OUR NAILS
TO RIP!

I ALWAYS KNEW
IT WOULD HAPPEN!
THE STRAIN'S TOO
MUCH... DOC'S MIND
MUSTA SNAPPED! HOW
CAN THAT LITTLE BOTTLE
GET US OUT OF HERE?



Flatty Foote

in
DOUBLE
TROUBLE

“AHA—LITTLE DOES
THE IMBECILE KNOW
WHAT I HAVE IN STORE
FOR HIM! THIS WILL BE
THE PERFECT CRIME
OR MY NAME ISN'T
FATTY HEAD!”

LAST MONTH, YOU WILL
REMEMBER, THE OWNER
OF A BOWLING ALLEY FATTY
HEAD BY NAME, NOTICED
THAT THERE WAS A STRONG
RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN HIM
AND OUR DAUNTLESS HERO,
FLATTY FOOTE. A FOUL PLOT
IS SET IN MOTION TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THIS
ACCIDENTAL RESEMBLANCE!
CAN EVEN OUR HERO
OVERCOME THE FOUL
MACHINATIONS OF THIS
DASTARD?

THE FIRST STEP IN
A FIENDISH PLAN!

THINGS HAVE BEEN AWFULLY
QUIET LATELY...

YES, ISN'T IT
WONDERFUL?
IT'S ALMOST AS
IF CRIME WAS
TAKING A
HOLIDAY!

WONDERFUL? IT'S HORRIBLE!
THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR ME
TO APPLY MY DEDUCTIVE
GENIUS TO CRIME
DETECTION-AH-IF
ONLY THERE WERE SOME
NICE IMPOSSIBLE
CRIME TO SOLVE-

SOME TIMES
PETER PRANCE
YOU GIVE
ME A
SWIFT
PAIN IN
THE
EPIGLOTTIS!

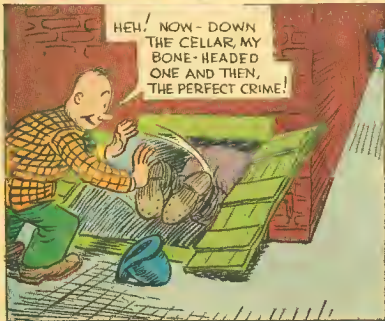
BAH- THERE TALKS THE
PROFESSIONAL, THE BORED
COP- BUT FOR ME THE
TALENTED AMATEUR, LIFE
IS DULL WITHOUT CRIME!

YOU THE ORDINARY POLICE DETECTIVE DON'T
GET THE SHEER INTELLECTUAL PLEASURE
OUT OF CRIMES, THAT I DO, NOW, YOU
NEVER FIND ANY CRIMES
GOING ON UNDER
MY NOSE!

GOT
HIM!



HEH! NOW- DOWN
THE CELLAR, MY
BONE-HEADED
ONE AND THEN,
THE PERFECT CRIME!



WELL, DON'T
SULK! YOU
KNOW VERY
WELL THAT-
AWK-
FLATTY!
FLATTY!
WHERE
IS HE?



I CAN'T SAY THAT I LIKE THE
COP'S CHOICE OF CLOTHES—
BUT NEEDS MUST WHEN THE
DEVIL DRIVES! HEH—
THE NEXT STEP—

GROAN

BUT PETER'S
FRIEND CAN'T
HEAR HIS
FRENZIED CALL

MINUTES
LATER

ONE SQUAWK OUTA YOU AND
IT'S YOUR LAST— SLIDE THE
DOUGH ACROSS THE COUNTER
AND DON'T FORGET
THE PAYROLL!

YIDE!
A HOLD UP!

BASKET
BALL

TAKE IT EASY OR I'LL
PACIFY YOU WITH
A SLUG!

YES SIR.
INDEED,
YES, SIR!

BASKET
BALLS

CURSES ON
THE LUCK
THE ONE
MAN THAT
CAN TELL
THAT I'M
NOT FLATTY
FOOTE!
BUT WAIT—
I'LL STASH
THE DOUGH
AND—

FLATTY! SO HERE
YOU ARE! WHAT
HAPPENED? I THOUGHT
I SAW YOU COME IN
HERE. SAY ARE YOU
ON THE TRACK OF
SOME CRIME? ARE
YOU TRYING TO
KEEP ME OFF
A CASE?

HELP
POLICE—
ROBBER!

HELLO LUG. YEAH
YOU CAUGHT WISE!
(THIS IS THE ONLY WAY
I CAN PLAY NOW)

BASKET
BALLS

HERE WHAT IS IT? I'M PETER PRANCE
AND THIS GENTLEMAN IS DETECTIVE
FOOTE! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

YAWP - THAT MAN IS A
DETECTIVE? WHY HE-
HE'S THE ONE!

YOU-YOU
JUST HELD
ME UP!

ME? COME, COME,
YOU ARE OVER EXCITED
MAYHAP! I AM AN
OFFICER OF THE LAW!
NOW WOULDN'T IT BE
SILLY FOR ME TO
HOLD YOU UP?

IT'S NO USE! IT'S
QUITE OBVIOUS TO
MY SUPER-KEEN
ANALYTICAL BRAIN
THAT YOU ARE THE THIEF!
YOU MAY AS WELL
CONFESS!

HOW'M I GONNA
GET THE LOOT
OUTA HERE----
HMM----

A PERFECT CHANCE FOR ME
TO SHOW UP FLATTY'S
STUPIDITY! SINCE
OBVIOUSLY HE CAN'T
BE THE THIEF, THE
CASHIER WHO IS
WRONGLY ACCUSING
HIM, IS THE REAL
CROOK! HO HO-
FLATTY WILL BE
SO UPSET WHEN
I SOLVE THIS
FIRST!

MEANWHILE

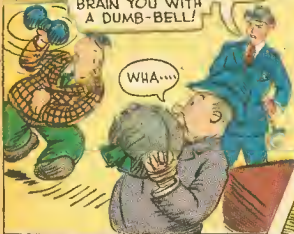
GOODNESS. I'M GLAD
I BRUSH MY TEETH TWICE
A DAY THAT'S THE ONLY
REASON, I'M SURE, WHY
THEY'RE STRONG ENOUGH
FOR THIS -WHO COULD
HAVE DONE THIS
TO ME? I BETTER
GET A MOVE
ON AND
FIND OUT!

MY GOODNESS, THERE'S
PETER PRANCE, IN THAT
STORE MAYBE HE HAS
SOME CLUE AS TO
WHAT HAPPENED!

FLATTY! WILL YOU HELP ME HERE? THIS MAN DOESN'T WANT TO BE ARRESTED!—
FLATTY! IF THAT ISN'T JUST LIKE YOU PLAYING
WITH A BALL AT A TIME
LIKE THIS!



FLATTY! LOOK OUT! THERE IS AN
IMPOSTER AND HE'S TRYING TO
BRAIN YOU WITH
A DUMB-BELL!



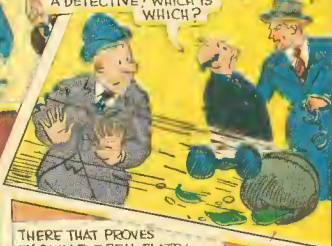
WHY THE DIRTY—HE'S
PASSING HIMSELF
OFF AS ME! SO THAT'S
WHY HE SWITCHED
CLOTHES WITH ME!
I'LL ----NO WAIT---
HE HAS MY GUN!!

REALLY FLATTY,
CONSIDERING
THE FACT THAT
THIS MAN HAS
ACCUSED YOU OF
A CRIME I SHOULD
THINK YOU'D BE
A LITTLE ----



I TOLD YOU HE HELD ME UP!
HOW WAS I TO KNOW SOME-
ONE WAS MASQUERADING AS
A DETECTIVE! WHICH IS
WHICH?

GULP..
I DON'T
KNOW!



WHY, I AM! I'M
FLATTY FOOTE!



THERE THAT PROVES
IT! ONLY THE REAL FLATTY
WOULD BE DOPEY ENOUGH TO
CHASE A BASKET BALL
AT SUCH A TIME!



HEY, YOU GOT
THAT ALL WRONG!
I'M FLATTY FOOTE!
DON'T YOU
KNOW ME?

NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT, I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM TO PROVE I'M ME!

MY BEAUTIFUL PLAN ALL LOUSED UP... IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO NICE TO HAVE FRAMED A COP, OH WELL, YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING! IF I CAN GET AWAY WITH THE LOOT...

NOT A BAD OVERHAND IF I DO SAY IT MYSELF!

PLAYING GAMES, EH? HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, PUMPKIN HEAD?

THERE'S SOME GUYS YOU JUST CAN'T BE NICE TO!

AWK OW!

THERE, THAT PROVES THAT I'M NOT HIM, I MEAN THAT I'M ME, I MEAN OH, DEAR... WHAT DO I MEAN?

THERE'S ONLY ONE REAL WAY TO TELL FINGER-PRINTS!

ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M FLATTY FOOTE!

GEE~FLATTY WHICHEVER ONE YOU ARE - WE'LL KNOW AS SOON AS THE FINGERPRINTS COME DOWN!

OH FINE, A COP, ARRESTED BY HIS BEST FRIEND! I'LL GET EVEN FOR THIS HUMILIATION!

OH WILL YOU? MY BONE HEADED FRIEND WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! JUST WAIT UNTIL NEXT MONTH

LATER

BUY
U. S. WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



... How do yuh say
Cookies
made with



RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

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